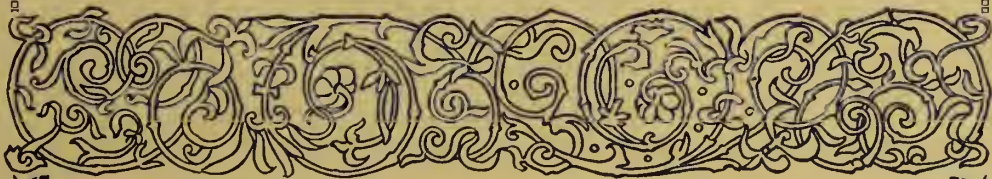


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To

Mr. Daniels and Miss MacMahon,

more affectionately known as

“Jack” and “Mac,”

whose untiring efforts have promoted clean

and wholesome athletics in F. H. S.,

we dedicate this issue of

The Philomath



GRADUATION

Salutatory

Why a High School Education?

To all the parents, friends and teachers present this evening, I am very happy to be able to extend a most cordial welcome. By attending the graduating exercises of the Class of 1931, you evince your interest in our High School, and I sincerely hope that you will find something so pleasing and worthwhile in our program that your enthusiasm thus aroused will be lasting.

I think that now everyone realizes that a high school education is absolutely necessary if one is to attain marked success. The farther one goes in higher institutions of learning, the better fitted he is to meet the demands of life, because it is becoming increasingly difficult to succeed in any profession without a thorough study of and training in the chosen line of work. We all have a goal for which to strive, and since it is not easy to win in any race, we need the definite assistance that only an organization similar to a high school can furnish.

From our school life, we certainly learn to appreciate the value of coöperation, for only by doing our share can we be granted special privileges. We also form social contacts which have their own peculiar importance.

The most beneficial result, however, is the training which we receive in the course we have pursued through our own inclination. The curricula presented to us for our choice are: Commercial, Household Arts, Manual Training, General, and College Preparatory. From the very names, it is easily understood that a widely varied field of study is offered, and

it is inevitable that everyone should find something which appeals to his inclination.

The Commercial Course offers the field of preparation for obtaining a business position. Future accountants, typists, stenographers, and bookkeepers receive a thorough training in their respective lines of work. After leaving high school, many will probably go farther, and if they have mastered their initial instructions they will surely discover that they have a firm foundation on which to stand. Thus, the High School does its part in contributing towards a bigger and better business world.

The Household Arts Course, as its name implies, is intended to assist the homemakers of the future in preparing themselves for the task which is awaiting them. In these days of financial depression, when it is necessary to practice economy in everything, it is very fitting that the girls should be instructed in the art of managing homes. They are taught to ply the needle skilfully and to make articles of wearing apparel. They also learn to become proficient in culinary duties, and through experience they acquire the ability to serve dainty as well as hearty repasts. In addition, they have a course in home nursing. Some of these girls will undoubtedly enter other institutions of learning, preferably Normal School, and certainly no one can assert that the High School does not do its best to give them a definite background.

The purpose of the Manual Training curriculum is to instruct the boys to become adept and efficient in the art of manipulating tools. They are taught not

only to create new pieces of woodwork, but also to repair broken ones. There are many lessons to be learned in building new things and in renovating the old; surely those who have been enrolled in this course for the past three years have profited exceedingly from their experiences.

Each course offers an opportunity for choosing varied electives, but for some pupils the General offers most of all. Some might claim that by following it, one would gain very little, and this would be true if a pupil desired to enter the business world or to go to college. In this case, he could certainly not be advised to enroll in this curriculum. If, however, a student is undecided and has no definite ideas concerning his future, he may, by entering the General Course, and taking diversified subjects, find something which really stirs his interest and furnishes him with a broad education and a more definite goal.

The fifth and last division, the College group, may be divided into two sections, scientific and liberal arts. However, in high school there is not such a marked distinction between them as in college. One foreign language is required and almost everyone studies two. In every course a year of some science must be taken. The aim of the College Course is to prepare everyone enrolled in it to meet the requirements of the school or college which he desires to attend after graduation.

In considering the possibilities in all the courses offered, it is easily understood that a student can not fail to profit by enrolling in any one.

In addition to his regular duties, almost everyone engages in extra-curricular activities. Many avail themselves of the opportunity to participate in the different sports; namely, baseball, football, basketball, and hockey.

Every year, many clubs representing varied fields of interest are formed. Each one is sponsored by some member of the faculty, and all are very well attended.

In every way, our High School life brings uncountable blessings to us. However, it is a recognized fact that one can not obtain something for nothing, and certainly this principle holds good in high school. We always reap what we have sown, and we derive benefit from our high school in proportion to the amount of time, energy, and thought that we have put into our daily work. It has very aptly been said that "Success is ninety-eight per cent perspiration." Sudden bursts of genius will not help us very far along the road of life. On the contrary, faithfulness in doing our daily tasks counts more than anything else.

Our high school life not only teaches us the value of faithfulness, but also of coöperation, which helps us to form social contacts and leads us to develop many admirable and necessary traits of character which assist us in achieving success. Indeed, I am sure that we all feel that we can never fully repay the debt of gratitude which we owe Framingham High School.

Mary Garfield, '31.



Essay

The Wider Scope of Public Education

My subject this evening is one with which, I believe, most of you are not familiar, namely civil and social education. I am not going to mention this subject in connection with training in private schools, for indeed we all know the vast number of schools offering such education. No, my subject is to be more local, more personal. It concerns the social and civil training of your own children, our future citizens, in our own public schools.

Let us travel back in our minds to eighty years ago. At the time, students

went to school merely to be educated in the basic principles. "Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," the three all-important "R's," were greatly stressed, and when they were mastered, a person's education, at least his public education, was thought to be sufficient. But these people who were graduated from our schols were our leaders, and as such were expected to execute various social and political tasks. People began to realize that our citizens lacked education along certain lines. A most perplexing problem faced our great educators. How could our young people be taught to be worthy citizens without interfering with their scholastic education?

The problem was studied and restudied by many eminent scholars. Did they solve it? Certainly they did, and in a most creditable manner. The method is found in a description of the governing bodies of the Framingham High School.

The foremost student-governing organization in the school is the Student Council, which is in reality a sort of miniature House of Representatives, composed of members elected from each home-room. This is our Legislative Department where problems of school government are solved and where school laws are made. These solutions and laws are subject to the approval or veto of our Principal, who is the executive head of our school.

Aiding the Principal in the enforcement of the school laws is the Marshal Force, which is composed of students elected by the members of the school. The chief duty of the latter is to supervise inter-class passing.

Our Judicial Department is vested in the Executive Committee of Marshals, in the Executive Committee of the Student Council, and in our Principal.

Thus we have right here in our own school a small but efficient government, which has as its model the government of the United States of America! What bet-

ter training could there be for our future citizens? Along with the various courses which the students are pursuing, they learn how to vote, supervise elections and execute laws. They learn to put aside personal feelings and to elect candidates that are best suited for office, to study situations carefully, and make laws wisely, and last of all to obey each and every law that is made. It is in this manner that the civil training of students is cared for in the Framingham High School.

Now we come to the social education, which includes pleasant things like the planning of parties and dances, as well as the more touching but none the less gratifying task of caring for those who are in need of aid of a practical nature. The former business is cared for by the class or organization which is sponsoring the social function. The students carry out every phase of this work—refreshments, checking, and building-patrol. You may be puzzled at the phrase "building-patrol," and consequently I will endeavor to explain it. At every social affair of the year, several students volunteer for so-called "patrol-duty." Usually they bear some mark of distinction such as arm-bands or badges. These boys and girls act as marshals, directing guests to their various destinations and preserving order in the hall and in the corridors. How could these socials be other than successful with such eager, willing coöperation?

As a sweet-toothed child leaves the frosting on his cake to eat last of all, so I have left until last what we consider the most beautiful work of all, our charitable work. This is a more recent development in our school, and indeed it is our finest and most interesting project. As an instance of this eagerness to help these less fortunate people, let me describe to you the splendid work done by our high school during the last Christmas holidays. Our Principal, the executive head of the

school, made the suggestion that we continue the Christmas work begun in 1928. The matter was then thoroughly discussed in the Student Council and the plan was adopted. A committee was appointed by the president of the Council to supervise this great project. Each home room in turn elected a committee to take charge of its business. Then a family was assigned to each room. These families were designated by numbers and the students were told the number of individuals in the family for whom they were providing, as well as the age and sex of each member. For two weeks the building was buzzing with the voices of cheerful givers as they heaped boxes high with supplies. At last the final day for contributions came. Such goodies, such clothing! Boxes just crammed with cheer for those less fortunate than we are! Yes, indeed, their Christmas would be a happy one, but those eager, generous, young providers were blessed with the merriest and most beautiful Christmas ever!

Nor is Christmas the only time that such work is carried on, for every Thanksgiving huge boxes of food are distributed and during the year articles of clothing are provided.

In this manner the problem of education along social lines is solved. What better solution could be found? Surely there is no better, for by this method we are taught by actual experience—and experience is the best teacher.

Before closing my talk, I shall ask the Senior members of the Student Council and the Marshal Force to rise. Your duties, fellow-classmates, have been many and difficult, but during your three years at Framingham High School you have done your work willingly and well. Your services have been deeply appreciated.

Not only are our leaders to be congratulated, but also all the other students

of the Framingham High School who have so kindly coöperated to make our school outstanding in all its undertakings.

May our students, so carefully and excellently trained along the lines of good citizenship, ever continue to work for the honor and glory of our nation, as they have worked in the past for the honor and glory of our school.

Virginia McNally, '31.



Class Oration

The Necessity for a Liberal Education

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-One, shall soon be citizens of the world, in which intellectually or physically we shall be responsible for carrying on and contributing to civilization. The question here arises as to how we can best fit ourselves to do our share in life with the greatest efficiency. The only solution lies in the continuation of our education, by attending higher schools of learning if possible; and, if we cannot have that privilege, by teaching ourselves. It is to this paramount question of education that I should like to call your attention this evening. Modern education falls distinctly into two types: first, cultural education, the study of liberal arts, including such subjects as languages, history, music, philosophy, and pure mathematics; secondly, technical education, relating to the study of science and applied mathematics.

The first type needs no introduction, for mankind has been acquainted with it since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the scholars of that eventful period called the "Renaissance" eagerly devoured all the classical manuscripts of Greece and Rome, and built a foundation of classical learning which has been flourishing to this day. Classical subjects have been quite frequently studied and have been zealously sought for, but

the tendency of the modern age is to read them superficially, gathering only a dim impression of their true meaning and studying them only because they offer diversion and relaxation from the daily routine of life. This tendency is explained by the fact that the rapid strides taken by science in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have revolutionized all modes of living. Modern life demands knowledge which will give the individual control over his environment. This knowledge is strictly scientific; and to become efficient today, one must have some technical training. This type of education deserves much commendation because of its utility to mankind; it has made possible our cities of skyscrapers, our complicated factories, our elaborate railway and canal systems—all achievements which could not have been accomplished by the raw muscle of man. Although these marvels of science remain unchallenged for their economic value, they cannot totally replace the liberal arts, which are an absolute necessity for the progress of the human mind. Scientific developments, if unaccompanied by a knowledge of cultural subjects, will eventually make man unavoidably mechanical, causing him to lose independence and self-reliance. He will no longer have an aesthetic inclination; he will only be an instrument which will act as an attendant, and harken to the commanding voice of grinding wheels.

Today even the schools and colleges are being influenced by mechanical enterprises, especially in the cities. In purely technical schools attention is not paid to giving the pupil acquaintance with the magnificence of life, but to achieving some definite result, to the amassing of a certain amount of information which must be stored up in the person's mind. Because of these requirements the technical schools and colleges are tending to turn out as a finished product of educa-

tion a human textbook of merely scientific information. Is this the purpose of education? Not if one is to believe the words of Everett Dean Martin that "Learning is an adventure in any kind of truth—seeking which changes the quality of one's future experience and enables him to behave not merely efficiently, but wisely, with a broad view and a sympathetic understanding of the many ways in which men have striven to create meaning and value out of the possibilities of human life."

Back in the days when Greece was at the height of her power only the free man was permitted a liberal education; the slave was held in subjection in part by his lack of knowledge and therefore it was a necessity that he remain ignorant. In Europe, even today, liberal education is for the gentlemen, the nobility and those who do not work as laborers. But here in America, where the opportunities and advantages are greater than in any other nation, the doors of culture are open to any man who will devote himself to a liberal course. The profits that man reaps from these fields are undebatably those which will forward human civilization.

Whenever such phases of history as the Roman Empire, the Hundred Years' War, and the French Revolution, or such famous names as Augustus Cæsar, Joan of Arc, Robespierre, are mentioned, the liberally educated individual is rapidly carried into the past to experience many forgotten achievements and ideals, which are unfamiliar to the man with the purely scientific background. Let us not only live in the present, but during this short life which is given us, let us enter into the pages of history to live a thousand lives and to learn how past ages have attempted to create for us a better world with higher ideals.

Furthermore, by means of a liberal

education man lifts himself from the dark abyss of a narrowly practical life to a plane of æsthetic beauty which classifies for him the meaning of existence. His appreciations are intensified by his understanding of nature itself or as it is expressed in enthralling paintings and sculpture, stirring music, and immortal literature. Affected by these expressions of beauty, he soon adapts himself to a life in which he will avoid the insignificant and seek the important. All this is missed by the man with a meagre, technical outlook.

One of the most important results of a liberal education is the tendency to develop an habitual ethical attitude toward humanity. The ruthlessness of a machine age is becoming apparent on every side, but through examples and precepts the man whose vision has been broadened by acquaintance with the best of the past has learned to desire honor, honesty, character, true friendship, and world contentment. Refusing to stoop to any falsity, this man enters into his tasks with a fine spirit of coöperation, fairness, and trustworthiness. He never permits himself to commit an act which would destroy reputation or damage a strong personal character. He desires nothing better than friends, and loves to feel that he himself is worthy of another's confidence and companionship. A peaceful mind, an unprejudiced opinion, a broad understanding of humanity—these are all part of the liberally educated man's ethical attitude.

The man with a liberal background often becomes very influential socially. Such a person is likely to belong to clubs and other organizations, and to be interested in politics for the purpose of extending his widespread knowledge for the benefit of his community and government. His services to these worthy causes are without personal gain, but offered

only to make his surroundings and the surroundings of his fellow-beings finer and better. He is an asset to the home, in which he tries to inculcate a feeling of friendship and happiness.

Thus we see that the requirements of education should not only be scientific but liberal in order that we may open our minds to new impressions and ideas; in order that we may enter more broadly into activities and pleasures; above all, in order that we may go beyond the narrow range of technical knowledge and manifest in our daily routine the qualities of a life really worth living. This is our indispensable mission in life—that we, the citizens of the future, shall contribute to humanity not merely more technical knowledge, more machines to make life easier and at the same time more terrifying, but that we, through our heritage of the past, shall contribute a fuller comprehension of the spiritual values which make life really worth living.

Peter Lembo, '31.



Valedictory and Essay

Exploration—Whither Does It Lead?

The same insatiable hunger for knowledge which you, the people of the twentieth century possess, has from time immemorial spurred man on to learn more about himself and his environment. Man has never been satisfied with his own accomplishments, but has always been impelled to struggle against tremendous odds in order to advance to a higher level of knowledge, prosperity, and culture.

In the quest to satisfy this incessant hunger for knowledge, man has traversed the six great continents, and sailed the seven seas, plunging into the most remote regions of the world to unveil the secrets hidden within these outlying districts. Always it has been the deeply hidden secrets of the unknown which have lured the explorer, the missionary, the adven-

turer, and the pioneer to leave the smoothly trodden paths of the known world for the tangled and seemingly impenetrable regions of the undiscovered.

This characteristic is not typical of man during merely the past few generations, but can be traced back to the very earliest records of human existence, which show constant evidence of man's desire to acquire more complete knowledge of his environment. Although this characteristic has always been prominent, it was most noticeable during the period of early North American exploration.

Prior to the daring voyage of Christopher Columbus in the year 1492, little was known about the great watery wastes which stretched away from the European shores as far as eye could see. To be sure, many superstitions and weird tales were told concerning the dreaded sea monsters which were thought to inhabit these treacherous regions. It was the common belief of the seafaring folk that the great sea of darkness harbored countless dreaded creatures which in one gulp devoured vessels and their entire crews. Still others believed that vessels penetrating these treacherous waters would sail over the edge of the world and pitch off into space. All these rumors were based on superstitions which served to satisfy the people of the time. However, actual knowledge of these regions was lacking, since none had dared venture beyond sight of land for fear of the many dangers which they believed threatened them.

Thus Columbus in 1492, with the added goal of finding a shorter and more desirable route to the rich lands of the Far East, guided his three boats out into the uncharted waters of the dark sea to discover the real truths of these regions. He and his band of scarcely one hundred followers disregarded the generally accepted rumors concerning the great ocean and sought reliable knowledge of its extent

and other lands whose shores were washed by its tides. For seventy long days in their three small boats they braved the dangers and perils of both storm and calm, ever fearing that the end was close by. Yet Columbus had faith in his project, and he alone remained calm and resolute when courage failed the others. His stern determination to sail on and on and on gave renewed faith to the sailors, and encouraged them in their darkest hours.

Finally, on that memorable October twelfth, the realization of all their hopes, ambitions, and efforts was fulfilled when the low lying shores of the Bahama Islands came into view. Now indeed they were repaid for the tremendous struggle and sacrifices they had made to accomplish the fulfillment of their ambitions, and yet it was not until a later age that the true value of their work and discoveries could be ascertained and appreciated.

After several minor voyages of exploration among the numerous islands, the bold crew of explorers set sail to retrace their steps to the Old World, taking with them knowledge of the extent of the great ocean and the distant lands in the far west, which had heretofore been unknown to civilized man.

Thus, Columbus and his hardy band were attracted by the mystery of the great unknown, and were lured to venture into the treacherous region in search of knowledge. The information obtained by Columbus and his followers greatly increased the scope of man's knowledge, and raised the intellectual standards of the time.

Still man was not satisfied with knowing that the "sea of darkness" was not a boundless expanse of watery waste and that it was bordered by other lands; man wanted to know more about the new territories—who dominated them and of what

practical value such regions might be to him. Parties of exploration were organized in the leading civilized nations of the world, each nation seeking to discover the expanse of the new lands and to lay claim to such regions as were best suited for further development. These bands set out from every nation to follow the course charted by Columbus, and then penetrate even more deeply into the unexplored regions.

Again it was the desire for knowledge of the unknown which lured men to leave the luxurious life of the Old World to risk the innumerable dangers and hardships to which they were subjected in the new territory. This insatiable hunger for knowledge was common to all types of humanity. Both young and old, rich and poor, educated and illiterate left their accustomed life to seek their fortunes in the newly revealed territory. To be sure, all had secondary motives for leaving home and undertaking such a hazardous mission, yet the primary purpose of each exploration party was to reveal the secrets hidden in the region, whether these should consist of rich ore deposits, unusual botanical specimens, or merely the source of a huge river. Each hoped to discover something new which he might impart to the knowledge of mankind.

As a result of these many trips of exploration we find that man gained fairly accurate knowledge of the coastal regions of the new continents. Yet the extent of these huge tracts of land remained a mystery. "How far does the land extend?" was the question continually confronting mankind. About this time Balboa, a Spaniard, heard rumors that beyond the new territories stretched a body of water without bounds. Balboa could not quell the urge to investigate these rumors and consequently organized a small party for exploration in the year 1515. This band, on arriving on the

Isthmus of Darien, began a long and tedious journey across the short strip of land which joins the two great continents of the western hemisphere. For nearly a month the unfortunate explorers floundered in swamps and boggy territory, fought off the fatal tropical diseases, cut their way through tangled jungle regions and slowly forced their way through the seemingly impenetrable jungle territory. Finally, after many days of laborious climbing, the small band who had survived the hardships of the journey reached one of the many high peaks of the Andes Mountains chain from which they were able to view the great expanse of water known as the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa had satisfied his curiosity, for now he was assured that the newly found lands were not boundless, but were washed by the tides of a great expanse of water, even greater than the Atlantic Ocean.

Still man was dissatisfied. He wanted to know the extent of this immense, newly discovered body of water, and the nature of the continent which must surely bound it. For four long years, however, none dared to undertake the hazardous project, until in 1519 Magellan began a long voyage down the South American shore, ever seeking a passage from the Atlantic Ocean to the body of water discovered by Balboa. After experiencing countless hardships, the crew of over two hundred men rounded Cape Horn in their five small sailing vessels, and set their course westward. For one hundred days the five small boats plowed steadily through the calm blue waters—and still no sight of land. Supplies diminished with ever increasing rapidity, and hunger grew to starvation, thirst to madness. When their mouldy biscuits had been consumed, the sailors ravenously devoured rats, sawdust, mice, and even leather from their shoes and from the ship's rig-

ging. The men were on the verge of collapse when land was finally sighted. Even greater obstacles, however, were yet to be overcome. The natives inhabiting the islands opposed the adventurers, and in the resulting battle many were killed and four ships seized. The fifth, the *Victoria*, evaded the natives, and after several months' hazardous sailing, returned to Spain with a crew of eighteen ghostlike men.

The globe had been circumnavigated, the extent of the great sea was known, and the identity of the bordering countries was ascertained; surely now man was satisfied. Yet, the hunger was not appeased. Now more complete and detailed information was desired about each respective locality, and consequently exploration went on with even greater energy than heretofore.

From that time on, the new territory was developed faster than it had ever been thought possible. Thousands of homeseekers with their families invaded the regions and settled along the coastline. As more immigrants were attracted to American shores, man penetrated more deeply into the heart of the continent, ever discovering new and important facts which increased the scope of human knowledge. Each succeeding generation penetrated farther into the unexplored territory, until today nearly the entire continent has been explored and brought under the influence of humanity.

The great development of the United States today is directly dependent upon these thousands, yes, millions of men and women who have contributed to the early foundation of this nation. Without the explorers, the adventurers, the pioneers, and other early settlers, North America would still remain an unknown and unexplored expanse of land inhabited by roaming bands of barbarous Indians. Each of these classes has contributed its

share to American development: first, in acquiring general knowledge of the continent as a whole; and then in obtaining specific knowledge of each particular locality.

So it has been with all branches of activity. Every industry has had its founders or explorers, and its supporters who have built it up from a weakling infant to a strong and prosperous industry. In each instance the pioneers have first sought general knowledge of the field of activities presented the industry and then have begun the long and tedious task of acquiring specific knowledge of each phase of that industry. Always general knowledge has preceded specific knowledge, and generalization has been the parent of specialization.

For example, let us consider the rapidly developing aviation industry. Twenty-five years ago an airplane was a box-kite-like contraption which flew. Man knew not the phenomenal development this crude affair would undergo in a quarter century, nor the important part the improved machine was destined to play in the modern world's activities. The aircraft designers, however, began to experiment and find to what limits the use of such machines was restricted. Then came the period of specialization in this industry. Planes of all types, sizes, shapes, and designs are now being developed to fulfill the requirements of the machine in its various phases of activity. Even today this period of specialization is still in its infancy. In the future aircraft will be developed more than at present until the improved planes of today will appear even more crude beside the airplane of the future than Wright's biplane appears beside the Ford trimotored plane of today.

So it is with all industries. Although now it seems that the limits of perfection have been reached in many of our leading

industries, there still remains great room for improvement. Man has never been satisfied with his own accomplishments, and will continue to improve that which he has already invented.

Even life is comparable to industry in this respect. The first third of a person's life is spent in acquiring general knowledge of his environment, the problems he is expected to face, and the activities toward which he intends to direct his efforts. The remainder of a person's life is spent in specializing in some particular phase of activity which he has selected as his vocation. Always a person finds that even though he may devote his entire lifetime to a certain phase of any activity, he can never learn all there is to know in his line of work. To be sure, it may seem that the peak of success and accomplishment has been reached, yet there still remain limitless regions to be conquered.

Tonight we, the class of 1931, stand on the dividing line between generalization and specialization. For twelve long years we have tediously toiled to acquire a general knowledge of ourselves and our environment. Like Columbus we have sailed a great sea, but unlike the sea of darkness which Columbus traversed, ours has been a sea of enlightenment, namely, that of education. Like Columbus, however, we also have suffered and made many sacrifices in order to achieve our goal. Many times during our voyage we too have been on the verge of surrendering and returning, but some new clue has indicated that our goal was within reach, and we have revived our faith in our undertaking. Finally, three years ago this June, we, like Columbus, were rewarded for our efforts when we received our diplomas from the Junior High Schools and felt that our long journey had been worth while.

Then, like Balboa, we realized that there was something greater to be

achieved before we could rest comfortably. The High School course offered greater possibilities for advancement, and so we, like Balboa, decided to investigate and see just what was to be offered by the new territory. As our venture became more difficult, our numbers diminished likewise, and the number entering High School was considerably less than that which had completed the Junior High School course. During the past three years some of us have made heavy sacrifices and expended unlimited energy that we might progress through the high school course and attain the lofty levels of culture which it afforded. To be sure, not all of us have been able to maintain the pace, and a few have been eliminated, much the same as the followers of Balboa dropped by the trail as the ascent grew steeper and more difficult. Yet those of us who have succeeded in this mission feel that the long and difficult trip has been worth the trouble.

And now we, like Balboa and his followers who stood on the highest peak of the Andes chain, are standing on the peak separating generalization from specialization. Behind us lies the wide expanse of the sea of generalization which we have already traversed; before us lies the boundless and unexplored sea of specialization. We know not the dangers and the rewards which lie within and beyond this wide expanse; yet all of us will venture forth to navigate this great body. Like the unfortunate of Magellan's crew, many of us will never realize our fondest ambitions, but will perish by the wayside; but like the more fortunate of Magellan's crew, some of us will succeed in traversing this great expanse and will sail into the port of achievement.

Today we stand between these great bodies; tomorrow we shall begin the long and hazardous voyage across the great

(Continued on page 28)

CLASS NIGHT

Class History

I

Now we are launched on a glorious sea
 To peruse again our class history;
 To review our humorous ups and downs
 And discover the numerous smiles and
 frowns
 Which guided us on our way.

II

We entered. Ah! the lure of it,
 The anticipation and fear to wit.
 There were two hundred twenty-three
 To traverse this rollicking sophomore
 sea.
 (But now we weep, for some are gone;
 However the sails are up—sail on!)
 We hustled about the corridors,
 Fearing the Seniors' mocking roars
 At little Sophs, and perplexing doors.
 We'd rather *die* than show our fears
 To upper classmen of ancient years.
 For the first time on October fifth
 An assembly was held our minds to uplift.
 And then—came *exams!* Away—care-free
 plans;
 Here comes life with a little more strife.
 November's marks showed where we
 stood
 Scholastically, some not so good.
 In February we had a campaign
 To see who'd get positions of fame.
 As president we chose Bud Hill,
 Who holds that great position still.
 Then Gret, Bob, and Virginia
 Made up the rest of our guiding star.
 Oh! We mustn't forget that great event
 The Carnival—its fun and joy—
 Busy planning for days and days
 And then success—expense allays.
 We gave our money to divers good
 causes—

Movie Machine — *Philomath* — Annex
 flaws.

On April 5th—a social affair,
 The Sophomore dance with its joyous
 flare.

The year wore on to a fitting close,
 We were no more Sophs—but on Junior
 toes.

III

The summer days of twenty-nine
 Wrought changes in the little Sophs;
 As Juniors we were well in line
 To cope with problems doped by profs!
 We now were ready to assume
 The grave responsibilities
 Of keeping order—lifting gloom,
 And *showed* our capabilities.
 The Seniors seemed much closer now;
 The social proved this very fact.
 We could be equal—need not bow—
 By us they saw they could be backed.
 The first five months passed without note.
 Our class perceived the nearing goal.
 We pondered deep on what we wrote
 And studied hard for honor roll.
 But joy was mixed with all our work—
 A carnival of clubs was held
 To aid the future of our school,
 To clear the past—old debts were filled.
 In March the name of "Senior" first
 Was vaguely wed to thirty-one.
 Elective blanks dispelled the worst,
 We dared to think the fight was won.
 In sports we showed our much loved
 school
 That we were versatile.
 In all the major games we ruled
 That hardy brawn was fighting still.
 Our Junior Prom, the joy of joys,
 On Friday the thirteenth was held,
 When Junior-Senior girls and boys

All silly superstition quelled—
This surely made the year complete
No better fun—all records beat.

IV

Ah! Lords and Ladies now
Of all that we surveyed.
How dignified we were become,
So learned, wise, and staid.
One hundred strong and forty-five
Assembled as a happy tribe.
Poor sophs! Bewildered and alarmed
Wandered through the halls.
Our duty: them to keep unharmed
From Junior whims and pitfalls.
With Bud again our leader,
Aided by these three—
Virginia, Gret and Pal
We worked in perfect harmony.
Christmastide, our spirit was shown.
We sent to people in the town
Food and clothing and good cheer
To last, we hope, another year.
Nineteen hundred thirty-one!
Our greatest year of joy and fun!
Witness this our greatest play—
“Of nuts by nuts” did someone say?
Ah, say not so, for art is art,
All geniuses must have their start.
Thus far we had made good our boast
And kept our duties uppermost.
Honor men, who would they be?
All dared to hope, yet all could see
Virginia and Richard the laurels had won.
Congratulations! A task well done!
Photographer: “Look pretty please.”
No fun this posing—ill at ease.
The final goal—our graduation—
Is now in sight; no illustration
Can picture better what it means
Than each face which around us
beams.
The sands of time are slowly falling,
Now various positions are calling.
Goodbye! Goodbye! we must move on.
Yet each shall strive to come upon
A niche within life’s hall of fame.

Whate’r it may be—*we’ll* be the same
Members of old thirty-one
United, loyal, always one.

V

Now back to port! The trip is o’er;
Fond mem’ry lands we did explore,
Old times that we shall ne’er forget.
Alma Mater, with keen regret
We bid adieu and pledge to thee
Our fondest love and loyalty.

Alice Murphy, ’31.



Class Prophecy—1931

Girls

“Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can’t tell where to find them”—

That was the embarrassing situation which confronted me one June day in 1941, while strolling along Fifth Avenue in the city of Nobscot, where I met an old acquaintance, Madame Find Them, who asked me whether I had heard from or seen any of my former classmates. I was taken unaware by Madame’s sudden interest in the lost sheep of the Class of 1931. Her question bewildered me. Perhaps she could help! I invited Madame to my home and there we made plans and preparations for our never-to-be-forgotten journey which would enable us to assemble our lost flock. Thus at sunrise on the following day we began our trip, which proved to be full of excitement, thrills and stirring adventures.

Madame and I decided to travel in up-to-date style. But how? A whirr and a roar of a rocketship answered our question. What could be better than a rocketship sailing through the vast expanse of air into No Man’s Land? The ship landed, and we climbed on board, but who was to manipulate the contraption? We waited a few minutes, and our pilot soon appeared. Who could she be? Blonde Hattie Anna, known to us as *Harriette Ralston*! Hattie

decided it was well to go in the business where thumps and hard knocks were required, having become accustomed to jerks and bumps after riding in Frankie's Oldsmobile for ten years. She informed us she was flying to Mars!

We arrived at Mars in due time. According to the custom, all newcomers had to visit the queen. We hoped that Her Royal Highness was one of our lost sheep. *Marjorie Bosworth* ushered us into the palace, and I suppose you have guessed that the queen was none other than *Betty Button*. Before we continue, I must tell you (surely you are all interested to know) that people seldom talk on Mars. Their motto is "Silence is Golden." Can Betty live through it? We wonder how. Betty told us she had left all her friends on earth (except "Midge") so that their ear drums might be repaired after recording her perpetual talking.

We thought it was well to leave Betty and "Midge" in their distant haven of rest and resumed our journey—this time to our beloved earth. Harriette, in thinking of Franklin, had forgotten how to operate our ship and we made a forced landing in the Hawaiian Islands. There we met a band of natives doing a most exasperating dance led by that famous triumvirate (even more famous than Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus) *Hazel Jenkins*, *Irene Ellis* and *Helen Woodard*. They had been sorely disappointed in love and sought the consolation of the young and handsome lads of Honolulu. Suddenly the melodious strains of music reached our ears. At first it was mournful and melancholy, and then it drifted into that modern rhythm, jazz. *Katherine Flynn* appeared singing, as she had done in her good old High School days. Remember how much we enjoyed her solos while perched upon the top limb of the highest tree in Saxonville? That had been ten years before and now Kate had only palm trees. We were overjoyed in seeing

so many of our lost flock and were about to depart when we noticed *Gretchen Wyman*, who was sitting upon a stone, crying. Had she been deserted too? No, we learned Gretchen was attempting an unheard-of-feat—that of constructing a Hill upon which she might blossom as a Bud, once more. This desire was prompted by High School experiences. Poor girl, why not grow trees, instead?

In the course of events, Harriette had repaired the rocketship and we resumed our journey, flying due northeast to cold and bleak Alaska. We landed rather suddenly in a snowdrift, but were absolutely shocked at the sight which greeted our eyes. There we discovered *Margaret Waterman*, *Rita Thompson*, and *Mary Garfield* bathing in one of the icy streams of Alaska. Health had failed them and the poor girls had sought aid in the chilling waters of that desolate, northern country. We were in doubt whether that would prove beneficial and asked the trio what doctor had proposed such a comfortable remedy. The name of the physician surprised us considerably, for it was *Ethel Blades*. Ethel had studied medicine for ten years and had exercised her powers on poor Mary, Rita, and Margaret. We wished them the best of luck and left them to explore that snowbound land.

Our explorations proved valuable, for we discovered several of our lost sheep. A short distance from where we were parked was a stand which Madame and I decided to investigate. Such absurdity! *Louise Guagenty* was selling chewing gum, five sticks for one cent. That was quite a bargain, considering how much Louise had paid for all the gum she had chewed in Framingham High School. Was Louise alone so far away from home? Impossible, for *Helen Gropp* shared half the so-called store and sold and demonstrated her line of cosmetics. We hoped their business might prosper and that gum and cosmetics might flourish. Louise

informed us that *Verna Bigwood* had moved to Alaska to establish a school system which would enable her to become superintendent; Verna was formerly principal of the Saxonville Junior High School, but had left the school because she couldn't take it with her. Her ambitions were now realized, and the school system was successful because of the loyal assistants to the principal, *Edith Carter*, and *Mary Duran*, her secretary. Night was drawing nigh as we left our friends and continued our explorations.

Madame and I chose Hollywood as our next destination, as we thought some of my flock might have gone to that beautiful land of beautiful actresses and still more beautiful actors. We went to an information bureau and came face to face with *Edith Winters*. Remember all she knew in school, practically everybody's history, even her own? We inquired about *Dorothy Goodwin* and learned she was to be John Barrymore's leading lady in "How to Make Love." The book was written by *Jennie Caplin* and every incident was true and related to Jennie's personal experiences. "Dot" was well suited for the rôle and made a lovable sweetheart, as she was an affectionate wife in our Senior Play. Edith also informed us that Mrs. Clayton Leavitt, formerly *Marjorie Aldrich*, resided in Hollywood with her husband and twelve children. She had named her first child Sereno. Queer, isn't it? "Marj" had engaged *Anna Simonetta* as her cook because of the delicious cakes which Anna could make. Mrs. Leavitt had a wonderful home with a large grass plot in front. The lawn was kept neat and clean by *Elizabeth Hunt*.

We spent the day with Marjorie and left in the evening to attend a performance entitled "Our Dancing Daughters." The cast consisted of *Sophie Sakovicz*, *Florence Ryan*, and *Jeannette LaValley*,

who exhibited all the modern steps with grace and ease. They certainly knew how to dance. The next number on the program was the demonstration of a Danish Drill by *Elizabeth Hunter*, which concluded the enjoyable exhibition.

It was very late when we left the theatre, so Madame and I went to Hotel Breault, owned and operated by *Lea Hubert*. Lea received her rent on time, just as she had collected her dues in the Commercial Club.

Madame and I arose early the next morning so that we might visit Hollywood's fashion centers. We found an elaborate gown shop called "The Alice Mae." We entered and there stood *Alice Crawford*, smiling sweetly at us. Alice always did like clothes and she now designed the dresses which she sold. "Al" was overjoyed at seeing us, and told Madame and me that *Natalie Gilmore* was her model. "Nat" was the type suited for just that position.

After conversing a while with our long-lost friends, we left "The Alice Mae" and journeyed to the arid waste lands of southeastern New Mexico. We encountered *Louise Garrahan* looking for a Buck in the lonely desert. She seemed very angry, for her guide, *Mary Gormley*, had led her astray into that miserable land merely to search for Buck. In the meantime, we bade Louise farewell and walked on. Madame and I encountered Mary on the Santa Fé trail, fighting with an individual who looked familiar. Yes, it was *Helen Friel*. Mary had become irritated over some witticism Helen had made (per usual) and was pinching both her ears (served her right). We separated the two and scolded them for acting like children.

Once again we resumed our journey. Madame suggested we visit a crystal gazer to find out about our remaining sheep and their whereabouts. I thought the suggestion rather wise. The person

who satisfied our curiosity was none other than *Gertrude Bradley*, who read into the future very fluently.

"In whom are you interested?" she asked in a friendly voice. "Is it about yourself?" "No;" we answered, "tell us what has become of our remaining lost sheep."

For a long while she gazed into the crystal before imparting the following information.

She saw an old maids' home and seated on the back porch was *Mary Stevens*. "Sis" had millions of admirers in her day yet remained single because she could not stay true to just one. An old maids' home was the solution to her nerve-racking problem.

Next, *Gertrude* discovered several French schools in the great metropolis of Paris. The predominant figures in the picture were *Rena Carboneau* and *Ida Bruce*, who were visiting this well-known city in the hope of discovering a quiet way of collecting association dues for Mr. Lundberg.

Margaret Cameron no longer called Ethel "Johnnie," for she had fallen in love with——. Margaret asked us not to mention any names.

Alma Guerrieri, over seven feet in height, was parked upon a telephone pole, painting skyscrapers. Evidently, *Alma* was using her artistic talents as shown in early high portraits of the Wigglesham family.

Another picture in the crystal was that of celebrated university of Oxford, where we discovered *Eunice Pcloquin* and *Virginia McNally* studying the most important question of the day, "Why men leave home in Wayland." *Bertha Devine* was a preacher on "How to get by in Framingham High School as lightly as I did."

Alice Murphy was the greatest historian of her time. "Al" earned her reputation because of the illustrious history

she had written about the Class of 1931. *Christine Leavitt* was her able pupil and hoped some day to be Alice's successor.

Madame suggested that if any member of our class were ever lonesome, he should turn to *Alta Hamilton*, the good old "auntie" to all our class. How he would enjoy her kisses and caresses! Ask William Barton.

Next in the crystal, Madame beheld *Betty Shaw* in a very puzzled state of affairs. Betty was still undecided about whom to choose—Montgomery or Robbins. She ought to make up her mind soon, for actions speak louder than words.

Another picture was that of a beautiful home in New York City, where Mrs. Carl Crawford resided. She was formerly *Doris Smith* and now lived happily with her dear husband.

Sometime you may have visited M.I.T. and found *Doris Slamin* in the chemistry laboratory, mixing substances which would enable her to grow—pardon me—as tall as Wheeler.

In the town of Framingham, center of Middlesex, state of Massachusetts, Madame *Gertrude* saw a new high school. This magnificent building was donated by *Theresa Verdelli*, *Barbara Williams* and *Kathryn Gorman*. We certainly appreciated their kindness.

Velna Sleeper and *Harriette McNeil* still insisted that two could live as cheaply as one. Nevertheless, they meant well.

Elizabeth Skinner had written a book on "Why I Enjoy Movies" and "How to Hurt One's Self in Gym."

Eileen Cunningham and *Dorothy Florcycyk* were having a wrestling match in Nobscot Stadium. *Gertrude Grossman*, the referee, found it difficult to decide who was the winner and the wrestling match was declared evenly contested.

Then Madame saw *Annah Scribner* touring Europe, merely to go new places and to see new things.

Suddenly Madame ejaculated as she spelled a large firm, *Louise Merrill—Evelyn Melin* and Company, manufacturers of Airbrakes and Iron Pins. The manager was dear little *Helen Mullens*. She certainly needs our wishes for luck and success in managing the above firm.

Nancy Nash was the first Nobscot woman admitted to the bar and had become one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the country (I mean the country around Nobscot).

Helen Neal was still talking diets. By the way, she is the world's famous dietitian.

Sometime, tune in on station Q-U-I-E-T and hear *Gilda Cardini* tell how to develop glossy, black hair.

Madame Gertrude saw *Sally Swett* as principal of Framingham's new high school. She still maintained her shyness when speaking to the men teachers.

Annabelle Lincoln had continued her literary work, and had mastered the art to perfection.

Another picture in the crystal was that of an orange orchard in sunny Florida, where *Dorothy Greene* and *Anna McAmalty* were doing a thriving business. They like oranges.

Dorothy Smith was a physical instructor in a girls' school situated in the outskirts of the city of Nobscot.

Mary Nori had reformed the whole town of Coburnville and had made herself mayor, thus using her high school training in Commercial Law.

Helen Cavagni was private secretary to the President of the United States. Helen surely deserved such an honored position.

Madame Gertrude saw no more pictures in her magic crystal, for the enchantment had been broken. We had seen or heard about our lost sheep. And so, dear friends, we left the crystal gazer, well pleased for such precious and entertaining information. Once more we jour-

neyed homeward, this time happy and content. As for me—why bring that up? Nevertheless, Little Bo-Peep had found or heard about her sheep.

Marguerite Ayoob, '31.

✽

Boys

On that memorable night I was holding a little card party, consisting of Bud Hill, Bob Woodward, the pride and joy of the Robbins' family, and myself. Outside, the wrath of the elements themselves was at large. Thunder, lightning, wind and rain; everything showed the anger of the gods of storm.

Inside by the fire, we defied the tempest itself. We played cards, listened to my dry jokes, ate, drank—punch—and were merry. But once the card playing became dull, we started to argue, and then the conversation turned to our future vocations.

When the height of a good time was reached and everybody was joking and laughing, the storm, jealous of our merry-making, took its vengeance. Lightning!—there was a flash, an instantaneous roar, a barrel of fire, and I was hurled through the shattered window. As in Latin class, everything went blank before me, and I knew no more.

When I awoke, I was resting in a green field dotted with flowers and palm trees, so I judged I must be in a Southern climate. I arose, stretched myself, and walked over to a near-by road, where I saw a bent figure plodding towards me. What a surprise! I recognized the most talkative person in our English class, *Kenneth Scott*, but how changed! He told me that his hard work as radio-announcer was wearing on him. He seemed surprised when I asked the date, country, and route to Framingham, but so was I upon being informed that this was May 13, 1950; I was about a mile out of Miami; and the next airship for Boston left on the mor-

row. He thought he had better be going, as he was supposed to be home, playing horse with Junior.

After arriving at Miami and reserving a room on the airship, I began my search for amusement. Upon following a large crowd, I arrived at the playgrounds, where a circus was going on. The excitement attracted my attention and I bought a ticket. The first number in the main show was a group of living statues led by *Herbert Brothers*, beside whom was one portraying "Silence," — *Sam Feinstein*. The strong man who raised a Pullman car window two whole inches—hitherto unaccomplished—was even more interesting when I found him to be *George Cassidy*. One other act deserved credit, the acrobats. They certainly were fairy-like, especially with agile *Charles Hughes* as star performer. It comforted me to notice a large, heavy net below him.

After such an interesting afternoon, I chose to spend a more serious evening and attended a lecture "Why Woman Should Come Second." I had a desire to be introduced to the speaker, but found it quite unnecessary as he was our illustrious class orator, *Pete Lembo*. He told me that ever since he had spoken in Miss Hemenway's English class on women coming second, he was thrilled by the subject. Now he was completing a tour of the United States and Canada.

As the airship left for Boston the next day, I decided the best thing to do was to return to a hotel and get some sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by a loud rapping at the door. With my consent, in came the cutest little messenger boy, oh, he was darling! Yes, girls, it was *George Nichols*. From him I learned that *Bill Gibbons* was manager of one of the best "hock" shops in the vicinity; and also *Monsieur De Wolfe* had become a doctor, as we expected. Yes, a horse doctor.

Nichols left me a telegram, and with a hasty farewell, disappeared. The message wasn't for me, so I threw it away, hoping the owner would find it.

As I had no belongings except those on my personage, I realized the thing I needed for my air flight was a topcoat. I soon found the desired wearing apparel. In the window of a store which bore the name "*Lavallee Brothers*," stood *James Stevens*—but how dignified! Quite right, he was posing for Kuppenheimer Clothes. *Don Lavallee* recognized me and told me how after his beloved cousin *Elden's* "Fresh Water Ice Company" had been broken by *Harold Dickinson's* sale of electric refrigerators, Elden and he had come down here and started this clothing business.

The overcoat having been purchased, I started for my air liner. "Tempus fugit" all too fast, and I arrived at my dock with only a minute to spare. There were two big airships, but which was I to take? I decided on the one at the right and said, "Feet, do your duty." I made it by inches, but enough for me.

I had boarded the wrong boat, and after it was well underway, I found out that it was a Round the World Cruiser; I saw the captain and at first sight, I knew everything was fine, as he happened to be *Ed Riley*. He assured me of comfort during the rest of the trip. Trained by a course in Framingham High, *Philip McClain* and *Bill Fahey* were the ship's carpenters.

The next day, as I came down to breakfast, I noticed a waiter singing the Listerine song, "Just a Gargalo," and by his harmonious voice I recognized *Bud Vose*. It also seemed strange when I sat down to breakfast with *Robert Wilcox*. "Pee-Wee" informed me that he was stopping in Italy, where he was going to take part in the Olympics, capture prizes, and break records in general. That afternoon,

when about to quench my thirst, I noticed *Bernedetto Surro* as official "soda-jerker."

When we arrived as scheduled in Rome, everyone was planning what to do during the day on shore. I concluded the best way to see a city was to walk, so I departed.

A trio of musicians playing at a corner of the Forum attracted me. I chuckled when I recognized *Ettore Venier* dancing the tarantella, *Arthur Napolitano* singing folk songs, and *Joseph Tartufi* accompanying them on one of those long, snaky, accordions, and such sweet music!

As I was returning to the ship after visiting the Colosseum, I heard a rattling and a clanging and muttered to myself, "Crockwell's Ford." Sure enough, out of a side street fell the "Model T," still draped together. In it were *Harold Bacon*, *Roger Clapp*, and *Warren* himself, who professed to be making a tour of Europe in the very wagon in which they were now worrying.

I returned to my air liner, much pleased with Italy.

The next morning I found myself in Cairo, where a half-day leave was given us. While roaming about the edges of the town, I saw *Carl Gebelein* driving a long line of old camels, not a calf in a carload.

Visiting the royal palace, I found *Robert Burns* as head usher in the Sultan's Harem.

At the pyramids, I could just discern a lonely figure sitting on top of the biggest one. Resolving to find out the trouble, I climbed up to him, only to find *Earl Lytell*. He said he had discarded the "pink toothbrush"; had used Palm-olive soap; and he was a good athlete, because he had "Athlete's foot," but he just couldn't look like *Harold Lloyd*.

At our next stop, Bombay, India, supplies were obtained. We acquired these with the aid of an old friend, the manager

of the Bombay branch of First National Stores, *Robert Haggerty*. We also met there an old fortune teller, formerly the star pupil of Miss Hemenway's English class, *Joseph Mahboub*.

From Bombay we continued to Kutching, Borneo, which was interesting, but uncivilized. *Rocco Duca* and *Sam Antinoli* were trying to teach the natives how to make and chew gum. However, I found good intentions there too, when I saw *Everett Dunham* and *Herbert Coffin* attempting to impersonate solemn schoolmasters, and trying to teach the natives how to read and write as the pupils used to do in Framingham.

When we arrived at Shanghai, the next morning, there was a good deal of excitement. Upon inquiring, I learned that Mayor *Robert Harrington* was going to pitch the first ball in a game between a home team and one from Massachusetts. It sounded interesting, so I secured a ticket. It was astonishing to see how many players I recognized. There was the most important man, *Charles Lockhart* (water boy), the big manly pitcher, *Robert Graham*, right outfield *Walter Grace*, and left out, *Daniel McCarthy*. The man standing behind the pitcher, who sometimes agreed with the runner when he called himself safe, proved to be *Joseph Blandin*.

Then we left Shanghai for San Francisco. That distance was a little longer than our previous flights, so we stopped at the airdrome in mid-Pacific. This was in charge of *Francis Patruno* with *Brovelli* in the air service—free air service.

While lighting in the harbor of San Francisco, we nearly knocked over a small fishing boat in which we found *John Hill* and *Ralph Hicks*, who were earning their living as fish mongers, Hill because there was better fishing than in Farm Pond, and Hicks because he'd rather fish than work.

When I was on shore, the first person I met was *James O'Neil*, who told me he was a blacksmith. James admitted that although there was not much trade, it made him strong so all the girls might admire him.

A little farther down the street was a wedding, and I thought I'd just peek in to see how pretty it was. Really it surprised me. It seems that *Richard Montgomery's* fraternal friendship with *Betty Button* didn't turn out so fraternal. There was Richard marching gaily up to the altar with Betty under his arm, while standing near the door, in tears and dressed in black, was *Betty Shaw*.

Miniature golf was still among sports, and as I passed one splendid eighteen-hole course laid out on somebody's front porch, I recognized "*Micky*" *Carr*, the caddy thereof. Not only was miniature golf in style, but also miniature football. I noticed one of these courses in somebody's driveway where *Salvi Pascucci* and *Norman Hunter* were coaching.

The following afternoon we moved on to Hollywood, via Los Angeles, and as we were flying quite low, I looked through powerful glasses and could see automobiles racing along the road below. I was watching carefully when I saw *Al Polley* climb out of an old Austin and start pushing. Evidently he had learned that an Austin pushes more easily than an old Dodge.

We arrived at Los Angeles on the morning of the day we were to go on shore, and with Captain Riley I hired a car to drive out to Hollywood.

We had only just started when we saw *Roy Rendell* sitting on his front stoop teaching his children the art of "cracking" jokes without smiling.

Hollywood was a pleasant place indeed, and we learned from *Edward Martell*, who had risen as far as stage hand at one of the studios, that *Bob Woodward* had

succeeded that great, dramatic actor Ben Turpin. Moreover all the girls were now admiring the successor to Buddy Rogers—*Fred Winch*.

That night, after returning to Los Angeles, we listened to a concert given by two outstanding musicians of the day: one of the foremost opera stars, *Sereno Grelotti*, and the violin genius who showed Fritz Kreisler really how to play, *Stanley Sleczkowski*. They were both accompanied by a well-known pianist, *Clayton Leavitt*.

The air liner in its round-the-world-tour was to make one more stop, Boston. However, Captain Riley kindly agreed to leave me in Framingham. At the airport, I met my old friend *Bill Heffernan*, now President of the Boy Scouts of Massachusetts, who offered (as I had been away so long) to show me the entire town. During the course of driving, he told me that *James Flett*, *Nathaniel Nash*, and *Harold Anderson* were just finishing a post-graduate course at F. H. S.

In passing Wyman's Nurseries, I noticed *Bud Hill* clipping trees to make them look like clothes posts and meantime, there was Gret hanging out the washing.

As we went through the middle of the town, I beheld *John Park*, Chief of Police. Furthermore, I learned he was doing almost as well as Garrett had done.

We also passed the Chevrolet sales-room, with *Martin Fishman* giving out new cars to every fifth customer.

Coming back to the High School, I recognized *Bernard Porter*, who was now teaching Latin with the appreciated aid of *Margaret Cameron*.

In front of the High School was a huge skyscraper. On the front plate glass windows was this inscription: "*William Hastings*—Stock Broker." I knew Bill was tall, but I didn't know he had ever aspired to that height.

The next building on the same side belonged to *Morrilly, Neal, and Johnson, Incorporated.* They were brokers, too, only they were pawnbrokers.

Arthur Salak had purchased Mell C. Brown's store and was now head of the new "Edison Electrical Company."

At the High School that week, *Albert Rousseau* was leading in a Wrigley gum chewing contest, Miss Squires judging.

Bill Pope had finally changed his address to Brookline because, well, because it was much more convenient.

Walter Read, once proprietor of Fitts Brothers, had gone in for professional hockey, and was now playing at the Nobscot Garden.

Sweet little *Billy Robbins* was in the Framingham Union Hospital recovering from high blonde pressure after his forty-ninth marriage to a blonde. All the nurses made a rush for the case, but "Midge" got it.

These were some of the interesting facts which Bill Heffernan told me as we started for my humble abode. During our drive, the rain, which had started at the beginning, was increasing every minute. As we were nearing my driveway, the car seemed to go faster and faster. Everything blurred. A chill of fear made me incapable of doing anything to stop the speeding machine. Then all at once, the heavens seemed to open, and it poured so hard that everything was blotted out except myself. I awoke to find my friends of the card party dashing cold water on my face.

Edward Cole, '31.



Class Will

We, the dignified and exceptionally intelligent Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-One, of Framingham High School, in the county of Middlesex, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of extremely pensive

mind, do hereby deem it necessary to make our last will and testament in order that after our forthcoming non-extemporaneous departure our sole belongings, and those articles which the members of the Light Fingered Association found it impossible to take possession of may not become the legal property of our rightful but nevertheless unscrupulous and unworthy heirs, the Junior Class.

First: This shrewd and cautious Class, in order that no doubt may exist, leave to the said Junior Class a weighty volume of the rules, regulations, statutes, and laws of said school, with a motto inscribed on the cover, "If what you are to be you are now becoming, 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.'"

Second: We leave to the ninety-nine and forty-four-one-hundredths per cent pure, but mostly simple, Sophomore Class our nonchalant way of telling our parents that any mark not below D on our cards must have been a mistake. This bequeathal does not include the necessary Murads.

Third: To the Boys' Glee Club, in order to show our appreciation of their consideration of us during the spare period, we bequeath several buildings,—namely the South Boston Boiler Works,—which we have purchased with our surplus funds to be used for all rehearsals and so-called concerts.

Fourth: To the faculty we leave an intelligence test for said Junior and Sophomore Classes from which the daily marks for the entire year may be derived by simple application of the theory of probabilities. (Note: these tests were especially prepared by Feinstein and Feinstein, members of the American Undertakers' Union.)

Fifth: We leave to Miss Hemenway a dictionary, composed of such words as *dirt, scandal, hot, fast, speakeasy* and others in question of censorship, with the

hope that future wisecrackers may not have their articles cut in half because of slight misunderstanding on the part of said person.

Sixth: We bestow upon Mr. Barham a black eye patch in order that he may impersonate Floyd Gibbons and amuse the American History class when the dry story of the Pilgrims crossing the Delaware Desert into Coburnville is taken up.

Seventh: To Mr. Magoon this thoughtful class leaves several of its members who found it impossible to graduate because they were forced to spend a good part of their time in said Mr. Magoon's office on account of reasons best known to the flies on the walls of said office, if any.

Eighth: To Messrs. B. Scanlon and J. Cashman we leave a special set of tools and a large quantity of extra long spikes for the purpose of quickly repairing seats dislodged by the "I am strong men" (?) such as Kinson, and also to them we leave our deep regret for the proposed addition, assuring them it was through no fault of ours that this extra floor space is to be added, because we shall not profit by it in any way.

Ninth: To our beloved and well-meaning school orchestra we bequeath two new marches, first, the photographer's song, "Smile, Darn Ya', Smile," second the poison pen victim's song "Please Don't Talk About Us When We're Gone," in the hope that they will perfect these as well in the next ten years as they have the good old standby in the last ten years.

Tenth: To the School Committee we leave three pounds of grass seed and several signs to be placed at advantageous points about the school grounds bearing the words, "Please Do Not Cross What Is Left of Our Lawn." The signs will serve as monuments for the dead seeds.

Eleventh: To Mr. Peterson we leave one chrome steel safe, to be used for locking up his supply of pencils, for we feel

that his argument that these pencils are absolutely no good for work other than drawing is somewhat disputed by several members of the said Light Fingered Association.

Twelfth: To the *Philomath* we leave a few *uncollectable* bills with instructions to collect the same if convenient and if not convenient to collect them anyway in the hope that no rubber checks will be received for said bills on account of the much scandal (Note, see Miss Hemenway's dictionary, which would doubtless be involved).

The remainder of our last will and new testament will be devoted to the bequeathal of white elephants, et cetera, ad infinitum, from individual members of our low ranking schoolmates.

I, Edward Packard Ford Cole, being in the usual frame of mind, leave to my good friend Edith Wale my largest pair of shoes, in the hope that she will not have to dance with tears in her eyes due to improper footwear.

I, Gretchen Wyman, being supposedly of thoughtful mind, for once, at least, do bequeath a set of twelve wire puzzles to my contemporary, Marjorie Long, in the hope that she, in entertaining her many boy friends, will make as good use of them as I have.

I, Casy Blandin, being sound in body more or less, do bequeath to Charlie Hall my book on plagiarism, which I plagiarized from one of my friends of equally high integrity.

I, Richard Montgomery, leave to my incoming kid brother the sole rights for squeaking the door of room 229, commonly known as 29, and also several other of my schemes to plague the teachers.

I, Betty Button, leave my unquestioned record of talking and whispering continuously from 8:25 A.M. to 2:10 P.M. for the three years I have been here to any

future student who might be capable of approaching this record.

I, Al Polley, leave to any Maine-iac a few hints on how to drive from Portland, starting at 6:30 A.M. Monday and arriving in time for school the same day, and also how to make up the two full nights of lost sleep by the end of the fifth period.

I, St. Sleczkowski, leave to Vera Smith my honored but frequently misspelled name, in the hope that she will enjoy the unique title which I am tired of keeping in its original form because of the unartistic abbreviations given to it by my illiterate and ignorant classmate Polley.

I, Nat Gilmore, leave to Philip Anderson my art of getting Mr. Barham to repeat a question, including a guarantee that nine out of ten times it won't work.

I, Bill Robbins, leave the true friendship of one whose esteem I hold exceedingly high and that is none other than my dear neighbor Harold Anderson to my incoming kid brother, in the hope that the hinges of this true friendship will never go rusty.

I, Peter Lembo, leave to Christy Sheehy my slight knowledge of philosophy, in the hope that he may be able to think up as many snappy comebacks to embarrassing questions as I have.

I, Warren Crockwell, leave to the Physics department several more parts of my Ford. I found after donating the flywheel, a carburetor and two timers that it ran so well that I have finally decided to give up my engine in the hope that dear old Lizzie will run just as well up hill as she does down.

I, Roger Clapp, bequeath to next year's inhabitants of Room 25 all the parts of the adding machine that are left, and hope that they will treat the poor old thing with due consideration and respect.

In witness, whereof, we the illustrious Class of Nineteen Thirty-One, through our crooked and unduly authorized attor-

ney, Wilhelm Bellmaus von Hastingsburg, do set out hands, clean and otherwise, affix our seal, and subscribe our signature on this 17th day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-One and of the Eighteenth Amendment the fourteenth. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (from said Junior and Sophomore Classes).

(Signed) The Class of 1931

Wilhem Bellmaus von Hastingsburg
(Attorney)

In the Presence of

Al Capone,
Al Smith,
Al Polley.



Valedictory and Essay

(Continued from page 16)

sea of specialization. Some of us will go to college for the first stage of this voyage, while others will enter some chosen field of activity and begin the long and difficult task of specializing in that branch of industry. Whether we go to higher institutions of learning or immediately pursue our vocation, most of us will be subjected to untold hardships and will be called upon to make unlimited sacrifices, yet when we have attained the achievement of our ambitions we shall feel that all we have done has been worth the energy expended.

Tonight, we, the Class of 1931, embark upon this great sea of specialization. Before us lies a vast expanse of water with all its dangers and perils; beyond lies the reward of achievement. In the many years to come we may shift our course from time to time, but we must not falter. Like Columbus we too must sail on and on and on until we skilfully guide our ships safely into that distant harbor of propitious attainment.

Richard Montgomery, '31.





MARJORIE ALDRICH (*Midge*) College

Dramatic, 2; Girls' Aero, 2; Student Council, 3-4; French, 3; German, 3-4, Vice-President, 3, President, 4; *Philomath*, 4; Senior Play; Football Dance Committee, 4; Junior Election Committee, 4; Chairman Carnival Committee, 3.

Marjorie was a farmer's daughter;
No wonder she fell for a Hayman.

HAROLD ANDERSON (*Andy*) College

Dramatic, 2; Debating, 2-3-4; Science, 4.
The office boy.

JAMES ANTINOLI (*Sam*) General

Basketball, 2-3; Baseball, 3; Secretary of H. R., 3; Football, 2-3-4.

Sam's a Prince of fellows—
At athletics he does shine;
But the way he does his homework!
Oh goodness! What a crime!

MARGUERITE AYOUB (*Mickie*) College

Home Room Secretary, 2; Basketball, 2-3; Home Room Vice-Chairman, 3; Class Prophet, 4; Marshal, 4; Hockey Manager, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

If it were anyone but you, Mickie, we'd say, "Leave the athletes alone and pick out a man you'll be able to handle."

HAROLD BACON (*Bake*) College

Science Club, 3-4; Band, 2-3; Treasurer of Science Club, 4.

Harold's a gentleman; he prefers blondes—especially those that belong to the other fellow.

VERNA BIGWOOD Commercial

Science Club, 3; Commercial, 4.

We hear a lot of Clarence
From our sweet Verna here;
Now we want *his* story
About—(whoopee, my dear!)

ETHEL BLADES College

Marshal, 2-3-4; Executive Committee, 3-4; Household Arts Club, 2-3-4, Secretary, 2-3, Treasurer, 4; Basketball, 2-4; Field Hockey, 4; Secretary of Latin Club, 4; Home Room Chairman, 3-4; Tickets and Invitations Committee, 4.

We sometimes think it's cruel of you, Ethel, to take the Ford for the day and leave Les stranded at the "station."

MARJORIE BOSWORTH (*Midge*) College

Dramatic, 2-4; Basketball, 2-3; French, 3; Class Night Committee, 4.

Midge is another member of that famous family. Yeah?
Betty's twin-sister and Billy's sister.
Figure that out. Oh! Simple!
Billy's sister-in-law.

GERTRUDE BRADLEY (*Gert*) *General*

Household Arts, 2.
If we all could be like Gertrude, there'd be no need
for traffic rules, etc. Gertrude's poise never deserts her
—but of course we've never seen her in contact with a
mouse.

HERBERT BROTHERS (*Herbie, Demon*) . . . *College*

French, 3; Science, 4; Dramatics, 4.
Brothers has a little car;
In it he wanders wide and far;
One might think the road is rough—
(But t'aint)—
It's only Brothers driving tough.

CHARLES BROVELLI (*Bino*) *General*

Football, 2-3; Basketball, 3; Baseball, 2-3; Track, 3;
Marshal, 2; Home Room President, 2; Gln. Club, 2.
Folks, meet Charlie.
Brovelli's his final name.
He's a brutal, brawny bruiser,
But we like him just the same.
Quick as a flash is Bino,
An athlete of fame;
He's somewhat of a boaster,
But we like him just the same.

IDA BRUCE (*Betty*) *General*

Nature, 4; President of Literary Club, 4.
Dear old Ida Bruce,
Your tongue you never loose;
But silence is as good as gold,
So, Ida dear, please don't turn bold.

ROBERT BURNS (*Bob*) *Manual Arts*

Boys' Aero, 2-4; Hockey, 3-4.
Some say Robert Burns is a bluff,
That he carries pistols to make him look tough.
But when asked, "Do you chew?"
He replied, "Yes, I do;
I'm a wegular wetch of a wough."

BETTY BUTTON *College*

Student Council, 3-4; Mathematics, 3; Basketball,
3-4; Dramatic, 4; Field Hockey, 4; Class Night Com-
mittee, 4.
Betty may be outspoken—but not by many.

MARGARET CAMERON *College*

Household Arts, 2-3-4; Latin, 4.
Margaret's small, but that's not all—
She's artful and skillful and funny.
What we hope now is that some day she'll fall
For a "Johnnie" with plenty of money.
Do you get the idea?

JENNIE CAPLIN (*Jean*) *General*

Dramatic, 2-4; French, 3.
When Jenny rolls those two big eyes
She hopes the teachers will all say, "Aye" (A).





RENA CARBONEAU.....*Household Arts*

Household Arts, 3-4.

A real French lass, and very petite,
Liked by all, and ever so sweet.

GILDA CARDINI.....*Commercial*

Household Arts Club, 2; Girls' Glee Club, 4.

We are not sure that Gilda was the original of the
Woodbury's advertisement, but we know she has "The
skin you love to touch."

FRANCIS CARR (*Mike*).....*College*

Science, 3; Aero, 3-4; Gym. Club, 3-4; Mathemat-
ics, 3.

"It is funny," says the class,
"How Sunshine's sunshine can last;
Even on the days of heaviest rain
Mickey's happiness is always plain."

EDITH CARTER (*Edie*).....*Commercial*

Household Arts, 2; Basketball, 2; Science, 3; Com-
mercial, 4; Vice-President of Literary Club, 4.

Edith, why didn't you tell us that your romance fur-
nished the theme of Nathalia Crane's poem? You
know the one:

"Oh I'm in love with the janitor's boy;
And the janitor's boy loves me!"

GEORGE CASSIDY (*Cass*).....*General*

Hockey, 2-3-4; Football, 2-4; Gym. Club, 3-4;
Marshal, 4.

Our Cass a mighty man is he,
With soft and delicate hands;
The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as rubber bands.

HELEN CAVAGNI.....*Commercial*

French, 3; Marshal, 4; Commercial, 4; *Philomath*, 4.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ROGER CLAPP (*Rog*).....*College*

Boys' Aero, 2; Marshal, 2-3-4; Football, 2-3-4;
Science, 3; Glee Club, 3-4; Dramatic, 3-4; Treasurer
of Student Council, 4; Picture Committee, 4; Senior
Play.

Roger, we all wonder why
You give us all the grand "go by,"
As up to the Centre each Friday you go,
Leaving us girls in the deepest woe.

HERBERT COFFIN.....*General*

Science, 3-4; Aero, 4.

Never mind if his model T-Ford does go dead, the
Coffin's right there.

EDWARD COLE (*Skiez, Ed*) *College*

Chorus, 2-3; Dramatic, 2-4; Tennis, 3-4; Vice-Chairman Home Room, 4; Radio, 4; *Philomath*, 4.

"One can hold all sorts of posts if he can only hold his tongue." Eddie didn't and look what happened! They made him Joke Editor.

ALICE CRAWFORD (*Alicia*) *General*

Household Arts, Treasurer, 2; Basketball, 2-4; Home Room Treasurer, 3-4; Dramatic, 4.

A Crawford (although not Joan) who has a pleasing way of her own.

GEORGE WARREN CROCKWELL (*Crocky*) *College*

Football, 2; Track, 2; Aero, 2; Radio, 4; Science, 4.

Crocky's one of those strong, silent men. But then, he has to be. How can he compete with all the noise his Ford makes?

EILEEN CUNNINGHAM *General*

Secretary of Literary Club, 4.

Eileen's demure—not without lure—

Where homework's concerned, it's done for sure.

BERTHA DEVINE *College*

Household Arts, 2; Chorus, 2-3-4; French, 3; Dramatic, 4.

So many brothers of her own—yet Fate decreed that she should like someone else's brother best of all!

FORREST DEWOLFE *Manual Arts*

Science, 3-4.

"Thar she blows!"

HAROLD DICKINSON (*Harry, Erie*) *General*

Marshal, 3-4.

Before you pick a co-ed college, Erie, think of poor lone Irene pushing "Junior" around without your "strong arm" to help.

ROCCO DUCA *General*

Boys' Aero, 2; Football Manager, 2-3-4.

There's a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face which makes us wonder how anyone can be so happy. Be sure and don't lose these valuable signs of joy, will you, Rocco?





EVERETT DUNHAM.....*General*

Tennis, 4; Science, 4; Mathematics, 4; Bus Marshal, 4.
Everett always did like flowers, but it is rumored that he likes Roses exceedingly well lately. (Especially brunettes.)

MARY KATHLEEN DURAN (*Mae*)...*Commercial*

Literary, 4; Commercial, 4.
Mary reads a lot, but not always school books. She also is a poetess, though she doesn't exhibit her verses. She's shy, that's why!

IRENE ELLIS (*Inee*).....*General*

Basketball, 2-3-4; Dramatic, 3-4.
Her affections seem to fluctuate between Erie and Sammy—and Junior.

WILLIAM FAHEY.....*Manual Arts*

Fahy has an auto
He says runs like a lil;
But every time I see it,
It's stopped and standing still.

SAMUEL FEINSTEIN (*Feiny*).....*College*

Debating, 2; Aero, 2; Basketball, 3; Mathematics, 4; Science, 4.
The one-and-a-half-wit of F. H. S.

JAMES FLETT.....*Manual Arts*

Flett's car rolls right along on its way to and from school, but we bet it has stalled more than once after the sun has gone down. By the way, James, why don't you wear bright orange spats so that *everyone* will notice them?

DOROTHY EDNA FLORCYK (*Dot*).....*General*

Basketball, 3-4.
Dot comes from Saxonville, but she comes with the spirit of F. H. S.

KATHERINE FLYNN (*Katie*).....*General*

Glee Club, 2-4; Orchestra, 2-3-4; Class Banquet Committee, 4.
Smiling Katherine has even named her dog Charlie.

HELEN MARY FRIEL *Household Arts*

Dramatic, 2; Household Arts, 3.
Pals inseparable—Helen and her Ford!
But from now on she will surely shine up to "Pat."

MARY MARGARET GARFIELD (*Marie*) *College*

Mathematics, 2; French, 2; Latin, 4.
When Mary's right, she's sure she's right.
She knows the word is "eyether";
And if you follow out the case,
The other word is "neyether."

LOUISE GARRAHAN *General*

Chorus, 2.
Louise has a little man,
We think his name is Bob;
And every time there are books to hold
Our Robert gets the job.

CARL JAMES GEBELEIN (*Gebe*) *Manual Arts*

Aero, 3-4; Science, 4; Hockey, 4.
Can it be that Carl uses the Centre Library only for
looking up books?

WILLIAM GIBBONS (*Billy*) *College*

Marshal, 2; French, 2; Aero, 2-3-4.
Bashful Billy, so they say,
Has the desire to sit and play;
His car is cozy, he looks supreme—
Won't some sweet girl satisfy his dream?

NATALIE GILMORE (*Nat*) *College*

Dramatic, 3; Parliamentary Law, 2; Marshal, 4;
Philomath, 3; Home Room President, 2; Home Room
Secretary, 3; Home Room Vice-President, 4; Basket-
ball, 2-3-4; Hockey, 4; Picture Committee, 4.
We wonder why Nat is learning to drive in Franklin.

DOROTHY GOODWIN (*Dot*) *College*

Student Council, 2-3-4; Football Dance Committee,
2-3-4; Dramatic, 3-4; Senior Play.
Dot is the little girl who is always running to Boston
for the week end and attending a college prom—and
after that, "we went on to the old Frawnce."

KATHRYN GORMAN (*Kay*) *Commercial*

Commercial, 4.
If Kay could only warble, what a pair of musical
kitties she and Katie would be!





MARY GORMLEY.....*Household Arts*

Household Arts Club, 3; Chorus, 2-3.
Who is it that Mary sits out on the front steps with,
and—er—?

WALTER L. GRACE, JR.....*General*

Home Room Vice-Chairman, 3; Marshal, 3-4.
We can get quite a bit of sunshine from Walter at
the Sunshine Dairy.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM (*Bob*).....*Manual Arts*

Aero, 2-3; Radio Club President, 4; Science, 4;
Football, 3-4; Track, 3-4.
Bobbie doesn't flirt a bit;
He leaves the girls alone.
On Broadway he'd never make a hit—
He walks his way alone.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS GREENE (*Dot*) *Commercial*

Household Arts, 2; Dramatic, 3; Commercial, 4.
Dorothy hasn't been the same since Ev left.

SERENO GRELOTTI (*Gregg*).....*College*

Slide Rule, 3; Science Club, 4; Junior Campaign
Assembly.
All's Sereno on the Pendolari front.

HELEN GERTRUDE GROPP (*Jerry*).....*College*

Glee, 4; French, 3; Chorus, 2-3-4.
Two rosy cheeks that never fade,
But day by day they change their shade;
Two little lips so rosy red,
And little curls all over her head.

GERTRUDE GROSSMAN (*Gert*).....*Commercial*

Dramatic, 2; Commercial, 4.
Not ein gross(er) Mann (see Feinstein for transla-
tion), but a cute little girl.

LOUISE M. GUAGENTY (*Steve*).....*College*

Basketball, 2-3-4; Hockey, 4; Chorus, 2-3-4; Aero,
2; French Club, 3.
Cheer up, Louise! You'll beat Will Rogers in chew-
ing gum some day.

ALMA E. GUERRIERI (*Mammy*).....*General*
Basketball, 2; French Club, 3; Glee Club, 4;
Hockey, 4.
The future Michael Angelo.

THOMAS HAGGERTY (*Tom*).....*General*
Aero, 3; Radio, 4.
A First National Dreamer.

FRANKLIN HALL.....*College*
French, 2; Boys' Aero, 2; Dramatic, 3-4; Science, 4;
Hockey, 4.
Although some of our dear faculty may not consider
Frankie even once a gentleman, they will have to admit
that he does prefer blondes.

ALTA HAMILTON (*Aunt Alta*).....*College*
Dramatic, 3-4; Parliamentary Law, 2; Home Room
Secretary, 2; Girls' Glee, 4; Senior Play, 4; Basketball,
2-3-4; Hockey, 4; Banquet Committee, 4.
Salutations, Auntie! You may cry very naturally
while on the stage, but off-stage you surely add plenty
of cheer and happiness to our school life.

ROBERT HARRINGTON (*Bob*).....*General*
Junior Prom Committee, 3; *Philomath*, 4; Math
Club, 4; Science Club, 4
One of our biggest grinds—er, that is not in school,
of course. We mean in the store, to be sure.

WILLIAM HASTINGS (*Bill, Skipper, Doc*) *College*
Science, 2, Vice-President, 3, President, 4; Mathe-
matics Club President, 4; Slide Rule Club Vice-Presi-
dent, 3; Tennis, 2-3-4; Business Manager of Senior
Play, 4; Class Lawyer, 4; *Philomath*, 3-4.
We always remember Bill striding silently but mas-
terfully through the corridors with his brief case under
one arm and a puzzled albeit thoughtful frown on his
noble brow.

WILLIAM HEFFERNON (*Bill*).....*College*
Boys' Aero, 2-3-4; Band, 4.
Still waters may run deep, but how deep, Bill? Give
us a tip.

RALPH K. HICKS.....*Manual Arts*
Oh yes, Ralph Hicks
Comes from the sticks;
But it's in Natick
He takes his "picks."





BERNARD THOMAS HILL (*Buddie*) *College*

Class President, 2-3-4; Marshal, 2-3; Captain, 4; Student Council, 4; Aero, 2-3; Senior Play; Football, 4; Basketball, 2-3.

Trees grow here and trees grow there—
They grow all over the nation;
But the trees that Bud likes best
Are on Dick Wyman's Plantation.

P.S.—Everything seems to coincide: his name is "Bud"; he is going to Mass. Aggie; and he took "Trees" for a source theme.

JOHN FRANCIS HILL (*Karl*) *Manual Arts*

Boys' Glee, 4; Aero, 2-3.

He has put away all those childish things, such as bombs, machine guns and poison gases; instead he uses the First National's best tapioca exclusively for all gang wars in Room 28.

LEA JOSEPHINE HUBERT *Commercial*

Chorus, 2; Treasurer of Commercial, 4; *Philomath*, 4.

No wonder Lea's all keyed up! You'd be yourself if you typed all day and played the piano as much as she does.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS HUGHES (*Charlie*) . . *College*

Chorus, 2-3; Boys' Glee, 3-4; Nature, 4.

You haven't got "them";
You may not have "those,"
But you'll surely get there—
That's the way life goes.

ELIZABETH HUNT (*Becky*) *Commercial*

Dramatic, 4.

Always reading in the morn—
Love of romance seems inborn;
Used to read at night so late—
But now each night she has a date.

ELIZABETH HUNTER (*Elizy*) *General*

Dramatic, 4; Basketball, 2-3-4; Hockey, 4; Baseball, 2; Chorus, 3.

We shall all remember "Lizy" as our idol in field hockey and basketball.

NORMAN J. HUNTER (*René*) *College*

Secretary of Parliamentary Law, 2; Home Room Chairman, 2-3-4; Basketball, 2-3-4; Baseball, 2-3-4; Football, 3-4; Treasurer of Class, 3-4; Class Picture Committee, 4; President of Dramatic, 4; Marshal, 4; Marshal Executive Committee, 4; Track, 4;

Norman's quite a "Hunter" when it comes to catching "Shrimp."

HAZEL M. JENKINS (*Shrimp*) *General*

Marshal, 2-3-4; Marshal Executive Board, 4; Basketball, 2, Captain, 3-4; Chorus, 2-3-4; Aero, 2; Cheer Leader, 3, Captain, 4; Glee Club, 4.

The Hunter hunted here; he hunted everywhere;
He hunted up in Nobscot, and found his Hazel there.

ROBERT JOHNSON.....*Manual Arts*

Radio Club, 4.

One of our future Saxonville farmers; but then, Robert is much more modern (in more ways than one) than most soil-diggers, and he keeps right in step with his friend, Johnny Hill, too.

DONALD LAVALLEE (*Rudy*).....*Manual Arts*

Orchestra, 3; Marshal, 4; Aero, 3; Baseball, 2-3-4; Basketball, 2-3; Football, 3-4; Parliamentary Law, 2; Chorus, 2-3; Gym, 3; Band, 2.

Don is hot, though time is fleeting,
While our ears, quite shocked and sore,
Hear those cursed drums still beating
As we stumble toward the door.

ELDEN LAVALLEE (*Red*).....*Manual Arts*

Marshal, 2-3-4; Football, 2-3-4; Basketball, 2-3-4; Baseball, 2-3-4; Aero, 3; Chorus, 2.

We wonder why that jazzy jacket was only worn to school one day? Perhaps it was so loud it didn't give the girl friends a chance to talk. Is that the explanation, Elden?

JEANETTE LAVALLEY (*Net*).....*General*

Dramatic, 2-3-4; Room Secretary, 2-4; Chorus, 2-3; Basketball, 4; Hockey, 4.

Wouldn't Bob be jealous if he knew the attention Jeanette pays to Elden in Room 28?

But "what he doesn't know won't hurt him." Of course, we'd never mention it.

CHRISTINE ELIZABETH LEAVITT (*Chris*)*Household Arts*

Christine Leavitt is always tasting,
Over in Household Arts;
No matter what they are making—
From sour milk to tarts.

CLAYTON EMERY LEAVITT (*Clay*).....*College*

Slide Rule, 3; Hi-Y, 3-4; *Philomath*, 4; Student Council, 4; Boys' Glee, 4; Secretary Science Club, 4.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal"—

That's what Clayton reminds you of until you hear about Midge and Dot!

PETER LEMBO (*Pete*).....*College*

Football, 2-3-4; Basketball, 4; Track, 3; Marshal, 2-3-4; Home Room Treasurer, 4; Science, 4; Class Orator, 4; Debating, 2; Slide Rule, 3.

Good old Pete,
With the happy feet;
You're a great little hooper,
But, gosh, what a spoofer!

Ask Annabelle, she knows!

ANNABELLE ELISABETH LINCOLN.....*College*

Treasurer of French, 3; German, 3; Vice-President, 4.

Annabelle goes to the dance alone,
Her heart beats rappy-rap.
They play "Kiss Waltz," and then she's gone—
Clappity—Clappity—Clapp.





LUTHER LOCKHART.....*General*

Manager Football, 2-3; Manager Basketball, 3; Aero, 3; Glee Club, 3.

This is just as his name suggests. His heart is locked on the *outside* of his breast.

EARL LYTLER.....*Manual Arts*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Football, 4; Debating, 3-4; Boys' Glee, 3-4; Boys' Aero, 3.

There is a man in our class
And he is wond'rous wise.
He picked a li'l Sophomore
And got a big surprise.

The Harold Lloyd of F. H. S.

EDWARD FRANCIS MARTELL (*Eddie*) *Manual Arts*

Aero, 2-3; Slide Rule, 3; Chorus, 2-3; Football, 2-3; Basketball, 2-3; Baseball Manager, 2-3-4.

The other half of the Lavallee singing team, and what a manager!

ANNA MARY MCANULTY.....*Commercial*

Dramatic, 2; Chorus, 2; Commercial, 4; *Philomath*, 4.

The fellow who hooks Anna will certainly catch a load and a half—of charm, beauty, smiles, and grace.

PHILIP MCCLAIN (*Phil*).....*Manual Arts*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Baseball, 2-3-4; Manager, 4; Vice-President Boys' Glee Club, 4; Senior Play.

When Phil gets to be a second Babe Ruth, he can drive his own Lincoln.

ROSE VIRGINIA McNALLY (*Gin, Mac*)...*College*

Student Council, 2-3-4; Recording Secretary, 4; Latin, 4; *Philomath*, 4; Vice-President of Home Room, 3; Student Council Executive Committee, 4; Class Vice-President, 2-3-4; Honors for Outstanding Leadership and Service, 4.

Pat will win our Virginia sweet
As in the "green bug" he tears down the street;
Wayland men have wondrous ways,
And when Pat speaks, our "Gin" obeys.

HARRIET HELEN McNEIL (*Happy*)...*Commercial*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Commercial Club Secretary 4; *Philomath*, 4; Hockey, 4; Basketball, 2.

Does Harriet like her seat in home room? Well, the surrounding company has its attractions!

EVELYN CATHERINE MELIN (*Evie*).....*General*

Chorus, 3; Household Arts, 4.

Evelyn has helped Wrigley become a millionaire since she has been in high school.

LOUISE EUNICE MERRILL (*Merry*) *General*

Household Arts Club, 4, Vice-President, 4.
Louise's attention surely is centered at the Finast store in town.

RICHARD KENDALL MONTGOMERY (*Bink, Commodore, Monty, Richie*) *College*

Aero, 2; Debating, 2-3-4; Debating Team, 2-3-4, Captain, 3-4; Student Council, 3-4; Marshal, 3-4; Assistant Editor *Philomath*, 3, Editor-in-Chief, 4; Delegate Interscholastic Debating League, 3-4, President, 3; Science, 3-4; Football Dance Committee, 3-4; Harvard Award, 3; Director Massachusetts Federation Student Councils, 4; Point System Committee, 3; Student Association Dance, 4; Valedictorian, 4; Honors for Outstanding Leadership and Service, 4.
Oh, pshaw! Pardon us, we mean Shaw.

JAMES MORRILLY (*Jimmy*) *General*

Boys' Aero, 4.
Tall and slim,
Always with a grin—
That's Jim!

HELEN LOUISE MULLENS *General*

Secretary of Dramatic, 2-3; Marshal, 3-4; Chorus, 3-4.
"Silence is Golden." Ask Mr. Bush.

ALICE MURPHY (*Al*) *College*

President Home Room, 2; Marshal, 2-3-4; Vice-President of Home Room, 3; Vice-President of Literary Club, 3; Secretary of Home Room, 4; Dramatics, 4; Marshal Executive Committee, 4; Class Historian.
Sweet, poetic Alice, whose verses are as sweet as she.

ARTHUR C. NAPOLITANO (*Happy*) . . *Manual Arts*

Aero, 4.
The boy with the "schoolgirl complexion." No kidding, he's a nice looking feller.

NANCY ELLEN NASH *College*

Basketball, 2; Dramatic Club, 2-3-4; German Club, 3-4, President, 4.
If we had Sis's memory for history dates, also her technique with the history teachers, we might get good marks, too.

FERNALD J. NEAL (*Slim*) *Manual Arts*

Debating, 3; Marshal, 3.
Just a simple little question: Why do the city lights of Newton draw the little moth? (*Moth* meaning Fernald, of course.)





HELEN THERESA NEAL.....*Commercial*

Chorus, 2; Commercial, 4.

Helen Neal makes many a blunder,
Yet she's clever too, by thunder!
And she sets the boys to thinking
By her peculiar way of winking.

MARY NORI.....*Commercial*

Commercial, 4.

Mary has a little curl,
Not in the middle of her forehead;
It couldn't be there very well,
For Mary is never horrid.

JAMES FRANCIS O'NEIL (*Irish*).....*College*

Debating, 2-3-4; Prom Committee, 3; Carnival, 2-3;
Football, 2-3; Basketball, 3.

Tasty Yeast's Pep, Vim and Vigor combined into one
person. If it weren't for Jimmy our school would be
much worse than quiet—it would be dead.

JOHN HENRY PARK (*Orm*).....*General*

Debating Secretary, 4; Baseball, 2-3; Football, 4;
Bowling, 3-4; Senior Play.

John Park—yes, sir—*park* and *spark* rhyme with
the name perfectly—may be a little connection, eh,
what? But then, who could resist such a sheik?
—And occasionally he comes to school—on time.

SALVI PASCUCCI (*Pasky*).....*General*

Football, 2-3-4, Captain, 4; Basketball, 4; Track, 4.

The great big football captain. If he only tackled his
studies as he does the foemen—what a leader we would
have!

FRANCIS PATRUNO (*Shine*).....*General*

Designed cover for Annual School Report, 4.

Shinola (the well-known shoe polish) is now Miss
Squires' famous English student. And how he shines!

MARIE EUNICE PELOQUIN (*Eunie*).....*College*

Marshal, 2-4; Literary, 3-4; Latin Club President, 4;
Basketball, 3.

Eunie gives them a shy (?) glance—
Sets their little hearts a-prance.

By the way, Eunice, may we congratulate you on
collecting two such famous personages as Milton and
Emerson.

ALVIN HENRY POLLEY, JR. (*Al*).....*College*

Home Room Assembly, 4; Math Club, 4; Banquet
Committee, 4.

Speedy, Jolly,
That's Al Polley.

Al's a wonderful dancer—just ask the girls if you
don't believe it.

WILLIAM T. POPE (*Bill*) College

Football, 2-3; Basketball, 4; Aero, 2-3; Science, 3;
Slide Rule, 3; Debating, 2.

Of course, there are Charlotte, and the roadster, and
Bill's constant effort to make up sleep—but why draw
conclusions?

BERNARD LOUIS PORTER (*Beans*) College

Sophomore Dance, 2; Aero, 2; Science, 3; Slide Rule,
3; Junior Prom, 3; Glee Club, 4; Business Manager
Philomath, 4; Home Room Treasurer, 4; Football, 4;
Senior Assembly Committee, 4.

There are no roses strewn in his path
While collecting dues for the *Philomath*;
He has a personality that is fine,
But that helps him not in Room 29.

HARRIETTE A. RALSTON (*Rally*) General

Dramatic, 4; Orchestra, 2-3; Student Council, 3;
Home Room Chairman, 2.

There are two reasons why Frankie and others never
hurry through the Centre: Harriette, and her father.

WALTER E. READ (*Ready*) College

Dramatic, 2; Aero, 2-3; Science, 3-4; Track, 2-3-4;
Football, 4; Hockey, 2-3-4; Senior Assembly Com-
mittee, 4.

Our Ready is a hockey player;
His opponents he does ruin.
Just give him time and he will be
A great big Boston Bruin.

LEROY RENDELL (*Roy*) College

Orchestra, 2-3-4; Debating, 2-3-4, Team Captain, 4;
Basketball, 3-4.

Just another he-man! But he made the heart of one
golden-haired member of our class beat faster. Well
done, Roy!

EDWARD RILEY (*Eddie*) General

Aero, 2-3; Marshal, 3-4.

Our Ed who once did aspire
To invent an aerial flyer;
When asked, "Does it go?"
Replied, "I don't know."
I'm a-waiting some dumb-bell to try'er."

CHARLES WILLIAM ROBBINS (*Billy*) College

Aero, 2; Dramatic, 2-3-4; Gym, 2-3-4; Home Room
Committees, 2-3-4; Science, 3-4; Tennis, 4; Math, 4;
Graduation Day Committee, 4; Hi-Y, 2-3-4; Pres., 4.

Billy is believed to be the only living person who
ever actually conversed with Betty Button on equal
terms. Witnesses asserted that in 3.22 minutes Betty
emitted 23,426 words and Billy 24,111. Robbins'
modest statement is, "Any American boy could do as
well with as much practice as I've had."

ALBERT JOSEPH ROUSSEAU (*Albie*) General

Debating, 2; Carnival Committee, 2-3; Aero, 2-3;
Secretary of Radio, 4.

There is only one difference between Rousseau and a
talking machine. The talking machine may run down
or be stopped. Neither of these alternatives applies to
Rousseau.





FLORENCE LOUISE RYAN (*Flo*)*Commercial*

Household Arts, 2; Chorus, 2; Basketball, 2-3-4;
President of Commercial Club, 4; Hockey, 4.

Flo is skilled in dancing,
It's done with graceful ease,
Her slide, her waltz, her fox-trot
The audience do please.

SOPHIE SAKOWICZ*Commercial*

Household Arts, 2; Basketball, 2; Commercial, 4;
Hockey, 4; *Philomath*, 4; Senior Play.

Sophie's practice in the play in peeping around the
corner is serving her in good stead. She knows now
where all her boy friends are at night by peeping
"around the corners."

ARTHUR SALAK (*Art*)*General*

Aero Club, 4.

Yes, it's Arthur, all right. To whom else would it
occur to put an airplane motor in a car?

KENNETH SCOTT (*Ken*)*College*

Aero, 3; Vice-President of Math, 4; Science, 4;
Tennis, 4; Basketball, 4.

What's Ken going to do with Elsie when he leaves
Saxonville to seek his fortune in the world?

ANNAH COLLINS SCRIBNER (*Ann*)*College*

Basketball, 2-3; Household Arts, 3; Dramatic, 4;
Vice-President of Latin, 4.

Annah from the milk bottles
The covers does remove;
At salads, too, she's clever—
A perfect wife she'll prove.

ELIZABETH MARIE SHAW (*Betty*)*College*

Nature, 3; Household Arts, 3; Dramatic, 4.

Why won't you tell anybody about the time you and
Richard bumped into a tree when you were driving
with the lights out? And now this poetry! Oh-oh!

ANNA MARGUERITE SIMONETTA (*Simi*)

Vice-President Commercial Club, 4. *Commercial*

Simple Simon wanted pastry—
Thought 'twould be so very tasty;
Instead of pies our Simonetta
Prefers to have boy-friend's bouquetta.

ELIZABETH SKINNER (*Skinny, Iggy*)*Commercial*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Basketball, 2-3-4; Commercial Club,
4; *Philomath*, 4; Hockey, 4.

The pride of our machine fun (typewriting) class;
long after her fingers have become too weak to thump
the keys, she will still continue to be one of Wrigley's
or is it Beechnut's?) best customers.

DORIS LOUISE SLAMIN (*Dot*) *General*

Chorus, 2; Basketball, 2; French, 2-3; Dramatic, 4.
Dark eyes, fetching smile—
To make her laugh is worth your while.

STANLEY SLECZKOWSKI *College*

Aero, 2; Orchestra, 2-3-4; Track, 2-3-4.
Why does he always use the abbreviation for
Stanley? Even though he's quiet, we can't believe he's
saint-like.

VELNA BEATRICE SLEEPER (*Vel*) *Commercial*

Commercial, 4; Hockey, 4; *Philomath*, 4.
I hunted high!
I hunted low!
Scandal about "Vel" no one did know.
Now after many days of grief
I've boiled it down to something brief—
"Good ole' Vel."

DORIS SMITH *General*

Marshal, 2-3-4; Vice-Chairman Home Room, 3;
Dramatic, 4.
Are the opportunities for advancement at Forsythe
Doris' greatest inducement?

DOROTHY ANNA SMITH (*Dot*) *College*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Vice-President of Home Room, 2;
Basketball, 2-3-4; Parliamentary Law, 2; Household
Arts, 2; Dramatic, 4; Glee Club, 2.
A true "Lady of the Ivories," Dot. You've contrib-
uted your bit at the socials.

JAMES W. STEVENS (*Steve, Bud*) *College*

Parliamentary Law, 2; Football, 2-3; Student Coun-
cil, 2-3, President, 4; Secretary of Home Room, 2-3;
Graduation Committee, Picture Committee.
Lucky for William Powell that Steve doesn't go to
Hollywood.

MARY WINIFRED STEVENS (*Sis*) *College*

Dramatic Club, 2-3-4, Vice-President, 4; French
Club, 3, President, 4; Marshal, 2-3-4, Lieutenant, 4;
Aero, 2; Home Room Chairman, 2-3-4; Dramatic Club
Pin Committee, 4; Christmas Box Committee, 4.
Just think what F. H. S. missed by not having a
swimming team. Sophisticated Mary really can swim.

BERNEDETTO SURRO (*Ben*) *College*

Boys' Aero Club, 2; Junior Prom Committee, 3;
Nature Club, 3.
He has the poker face that deceives even his teachers.





SARAH ELLEN SWETT (*Sallie*) . . . *Household Arts*
Chorus, 2-3-4.

Tall and blonde with skin so fair,
Big blue eyes and golden hair—
That's Sallie.

JOSEPH PAUL TARTUFI (*Joe*) *Manual Arts*
Aero Club, 2.

The song should be "Heartbeats, Heartbeats!" where
Joe is concerned. He can make all the girls' hearts
beat with those dark, searching eyes and good looks.

ETTORE P. VENIER (*Doc*) *General*
Football, 2-3-4.

Ettore is a he-man,
Silent, thoughtful, strong;
A football field is the only place
Where men of that type belong.
And does he? Well, he's only a star.

THERESA VERDELLI *Commercial*
Commercial, 4; Constitutional Committee, 4;
Chorus, 2.

No man could ever put anything over on Theresa;
she'd get his number *toute suite*. As an accountant
she's a star.

EDWARD P. VOSE (*Bud*) *General*
Marshal, 2-3-4; Boys' Glee Club, 3-4; Home Room
Committee, 2-3; Senior Assembly Committee, 4; Cover
for *Philomath*, 3.

This bud is bursting into bloom;
Of other deb's he'll be the doom.

MARGARET WATERMAN (*Maggie*) *College*
Dramatic Club, 2-4; Debating, 3-4; Interscholastic
Debate, 3-4; Literary Club, 3; Chorus, 3; *Philomath*, 4.

When scandal is around
Margaret runs it to the ground;
Right through the school the news will go,
"Bzz, Bzz,—did you hear?" "Oh, goodness, no!!!"

ROBERT WESLEY WILCOX (*Pee Wee*) . . . *College*
Boys' Aero Club, 2; Baseball, 3; Latin Club, 4;
Track, 4.

Mr. Lundberg's only living authority on Constitu-
tional Law.

BARBARA E. WILLIAMS (*Barb*) *College*

Parliamentary Law Club, 2; French Club, 3;
Dramatic Club, 4; Debating Club, 4; Basketball, 2-3-4;
Hockey, 4; Marshal, 3; Junior Prom, 3; Decoration
Committee for Graduation, 4; Christmas Box Com-
mittee, 4; Football Dance Committee, 4.

This is another one that has never been solved: who
is Frank?

FRED E. WINCH, JR. (*Fritz*) *College*

Boys' Aero, 2-3; Science Club, 4; Math Club, 4;
Hi-Y, 4.

The fair maidens used to call him by his last name,
but his new glasses added so much charm and distinc-
tion that now they call him "Freddie."

EDITH ALLERTON WINTERS (*Rusty*)*Household Arts*

Chorus, 2-3-4; Dramatic, 2-4; Household Arts, 3;
Style Show, 3-4; Girls' Glee Club, 4; Chairman
Banquet Committee, 4.

Lithe, alert,
Red-headed flirt.
Gay mocking smile,
Happy all the while—
That's Rusty!

HELEN M. WOODARD (*Woody*) *General*

Prom Committee, 3; Carnival, 2-3; Debating, 2-3-4,
Secretary, 3, Interscholastic Debate, 3, President, 4;
Student Council, 4; Corresponding Secretary, 4;
Philomath, 4; Football Dance Committee, Chairman,
4; Junior-Senior Social, 4; Reception and Class Night,
4; Play *One Egg*, 4.

Of all the colors I like best,
I think RED is the loveliest.

ROBERT A. WOODWARD (*Bob*) *General*

Football, 2; Dramatic Club, 2; Secretary of Home
Room, 2; Carnival, 2-3; Senior Play; Boys' Glee Club,
3-4, Secretary, 4; Marshal, 3-4; *One Egg*, Senior-
Junior Social, 4; Chairman Picture Committee, 4;
Philomath, 3; Dance Committees, 2-3-4.

Do you wonder why girls leave home? Remember
the red-headed farmer?

GRETCHEN WYMAN (*Gret*) *College*

Class Secretary, 2-3-4; Home Room Secretary, 2-3;
Vice-Chairman Home Room, 4; Basketball, 2-4; Field
Hockey, 4; Dramatic Club, 2-4; Debating Club, 3;
Gym Demonstration, 4; Dance Committee, 2-3-4; Sec-
retary Interscholastic Debating League, 3.

The "Buds" soon blossom out under Gret's tender
care.

JOSEPH BLANDIN *College*

Marshal, 2-3-4; Baseball, 2-3-4; Basket-
ball, 2-3-4; Football, 2-3-4.

The "idle" of the basketball court.

MARTIN FISHMAN (*Marty*) *General*

Boys' Aero, 2; Debating, 2; Mathema-
tics, 4.

If he keeps on talking we'll be calling
them Chevrolet stories instead of fish stories.

JOSEPH RICHARD MAHBOUB *College*

Joseph came to us this year from Ash-
land. He has a pretty good line now—after
working at Rayfield's.

DANIEL F. MCCARTHY (*Dan*) . . *General*

A golfer in the making!

Dan gets lots of practice after working
hours.

GEORGE NICHOLS *College*

Debating, 2; French, 2; Glee Club, 3.

Nick has certainly bluffed his teachers into
thinking that he has never done his home-
work. "Although getting E in three quizzes
the first of the year went a long way to-
wards making my card look as red as
Christmas," says Nick, "I owe my success
mainly to three little words, 'I don't know.'"

RITA MARIE THOMPSON *General*

Divinely tall, divinely fair; divinely f—?
No, Rita is not fat; just a little plump, and
most pleasingly so.



Class Awards

GIRLS

Class Benefactor . . .	Virginia McNally
Best Athlete . . .	Elizabeth Hunter
Most Popular . . .	Hazel Jenkins
Most Friendly . . .	Helen Cavagni
Neatest . . .	Alice Crawford
Biggest Grind . . .	Mary Garfield
Quietest . . .	Mary Garfield
Noisiest . . .	Betty Button
Biggest Flirt . . .	Betty Button
Laziest . . .	Rita Thompson
Best Dancer . . .	Jeannette LaValley
Faculty Pest . . .	Betty Button
Faculty Joy . . .	Mary Garfield
Biggest Eater . . .	Margaret Waterman
Most Optimistic . . .	Hazel Jenkins
Most Pessimistic . . .	Margaret Cameron
Jolliest . . .	Hazel Jenkins
Most Serious . . .	Mary Garfield
Best Looking . . .	Helen Cavagni
Wittiest . . .	Helen Neal
Smartest . . .	Mary Garfield
Best Actress . . .	Alta Hamilton } Tie Dorothy Goodwin }
Best Actor . . .	
Biggest Talker . . .	Betty Button
Biggest Boaster . . .	Betty Button
Biggest Bluffer . . .	Mary Stevens } Tie Marjorie Aldrich }
Haughtiest . . .	Dorothy Goodwin
Biggest Gum Chewer . . .	Louise Guagenty
Most Sophisticated . . .	Dorothy Goodwin
Sweetest . . .	Gretchen Wyman
Shortest . . .	Hazel Jenkins
Tallest . . .	Alma Guerrieri
Best Dressed . . .	Gretchen Wyman

Boys

Richard Montgomery
Norman Hunter
Bud Hill
Bud Hill
Billy Robbins
Clayton Leavitt
William Heffernan
Charles Brovelli
Alvin Polley
Harold Anderson
Peter Lembo
Harold Anderson
Richard Montgomery
Bernard Porter
Norman Hunter
Charles Hughes
Edward Cole
Clayton Leavitt
Bud Vose } Tie Bud Hill }
Robert Woodward
Richard Montgomery
William Robbins
Bernard Porter
Bernard Porter
Alvin Polley
William Pope
Rocco Duca
James Stevens
William Robbins
Francis Carr
William Hastings
Samuel Feinstein

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